

THE BEMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

wharves. There was no shipping in the harbor except a few quartermaster's vessels and two or three small steamers. We

made fast to a decaying pier constructed of palmetto-logs.

There was not a human being visible on the wharf. The ware-

houses seemed to be completely deserted. There was no wall

and no roof that did not bear eloquent marks of having been

under the fire of siege guns. I was informed that when our

troops first entered the city, the wharf region was overgrown

with a luxuriant weed, giving it the appearance of a large

swamp. Since then it had been cleared up, but in many places

the weed insisted upon growing up again with irresistible vigor.

Nothing could be more desolate and melancholy than the ap-

pearance of the lower part of the city immediately adjoining

the harbor. Although the military authorities had caused the

streets to be " policed " as well as possible, abundant grass had

still grown up between the paving stones. The first living

object that struck my view when making my way to the hotel

was a dilapidated United States cavalry horse bearing the mark

I. C.—inspected and condemned—now peaceably browsing on

the grass in a Charleston street. A few cows were feeding in a

vacant lot near by, surrounded by buildings gashed and shat-

tered by shell and solid shot* The crests of the roofs and the

chimneys were covered with turkey-buzzards, who evidently

felt at home, and who from time to time lazily flapped their

wings and stretched forth their hideous necks.

Proceeding higher up into the city, we passed through a part of the "burned district," looking like a vast graveyard with broken walls and tall blackened chimneys for monuments, overtopped by the picturesque ruins of the cathedral. At last, we arrived at the Charleston Hotel, a large building with a lofty colonnade in front. From that portico the first speeches been addressed to a jubilant assemblage of Charleston